Trialogue:

OR

A Threefold Discourse Betwixt

The POPE, the DEVIL, and TOWZER,

concerning the Affairs of *England*.

Flectere si nequeo Superos Acheronta movebo. Virg.

Towzer having disappeared in *England*, was thought by some to have been gone for *Scotland*, among the Presbyterian Whiggs; others as wisely thought him barrell'd up in a Butter Tub, and sent for a Present to *Fagill*; and some swore he was lockt up in a Chest, in *H. B's.* Garret; and that he fed him with Bread and Cheese thorow the Key-hole: But he went (as we have Intelligence from *Rome*) a longer Voyage: For the *Pope* being much troubled in mind, concerning the great miscarriages of Affairs in *England* and finding that his Privy Councillor the *Devil* and himself, had been so egregiously baffled in their deep Designs, and Hell hatched Plots, he thought it best to consult with the great Politician and Secretary of State *Towzer*, and broke his mind to his Old Councillor the *Devil* about it, who at first grouled horribly, to think he must admit of a Partner; yet at last being sensible of the great Advantage he should make thereby, for the good of his own Empire, he gave his consent, and upon his Holinesses request, sent a Messenger to *Towzer*, with a private Letter from the *Pope*, with a promise of both Honour and Coyn, which he knew would fetch him, though it were to *Pluto's* Infernal Palace. *Towzer* consenting, got upon a Broom-staff, which the Messenger brought, and clapping his *Appeal* under his Rump for a Saddle; and leaving behind him a *Dialogue* to prove he was no *Papist*, away he flew with his Messenger thorow the Air to *Rome*; and having past the *Alps*, alight in the midst of the Pope's Garden about midnight, where being courteously receiv'd by the *Pope*, and the *Devil*, both of them led him, one by one Arm, the other by the other, into a little Banquetting House, where they laid their Heads together, and had among them this Tripartite Discourse or Trialogue.

Pope: I have lately turn'd over several Volumes in the *Vatican*, especially those which have pointed at the Downfal of the Man of Sin, or *Antichrist*, which by the *Heretick* is generally interpreted the Bishop of *Rome*, though I and my Cardinals have put it on the *Turk*, and I do find, that according to those Predictions, the Reign of *Antichrist* is near at an end: Besides, the late Blazing Comet, and the Cockatrice laid by the Prophetick Hen in *Signieur Campanello's* Garden; and especially the disappointment I have met with in our *English* Conspiracy, has a little startled me, and urged me to this close Consult, that if it may be possible, we may yet, not only avert

the Storm that by these Predictions seems to threaten us, but that we may yet attain our hopes of that blessed and delicious Morsel of *England*, which all that possess the Porphyrie Chair so much long after. And now my dear old Friend *Belzebub*, and you my bosom Councellor and Assistant Mounsieur *Towzer* (for that I understand is the late most *Christian* name) let have your Advice; for notwithstanding my pretension to Infallibility, I am at my wits ends, and am infallibly a Fool; and though a God on Earth, and adored by thousands of my followers, I find I am but a poor and wretched old man, and can do little without your help and assistance.

Devil: Pardon me I beseech you good Monsieur *Towzer*, that I presume to speak first; for since I have been many years of the Privy Council with his Holiness, I may in that respect claim the precedency; but that you may not take offence, you may know that the puny Judges do speak first; and 'tis a sign of the great Trust that I have in your Advice, that I leave you to speak last. As to the signs of the Heavens, Comets, or evil Conjunctions of the Luminaries, and other malevolent Stars, Eclipses, and such like; though I know very well that they have been ordained of old to foretell to Man the ruine and destruction of Princes, States, Countrys and Empires; and that my being Prince of the Air, gives me a more intelligible prospect of those things, from my Watch-Tower that reaches almost to the Stars; and that therefore I should understand by them the Decrees of Fate more and better than any mortal; yet I say, since I have that uncontroulable spirit, as to fight with Fate it self, I have endeavoured with all opposition to withstand the evil Influences themselves, out of my contradictory humor; but when I found that Fate would be too strong for me, I then however took care that the People might not avoid the Impending Judgments that threatned them, by Repentance; or else by false glosses and interpretations, alwaies caused them to be otherwise interpreted, than in truth they ought to be; so that at last the Iniquity of a Land being full, I got by the bargain, and had many a plentiful Collation of cramm'd Souls, well larded with all manner of wickedness. And now whatever my Opinion is in reality, of the late Comet, and of other Prodigies, it is my great business to take off that Impression they may make on the minds of the People, lest it should convert them from their Impieties and evil deeds; but I find, do what I can, I am more to seek how to do it than ever.

Towzer: Sir, I beg your pardon for interrupting of you; my memory is not very good of late, therefore I must speak to each particular, as they are spread before me. And first I take notice, that you are not that Councellor as I took you to be; for methinks all your discourse is the promoting your own Interest and Designs, more than our holy Fathers the Popes; for whatever you pretend, Self-interest lyes at the bottom, which is a thing I abhor; for as I am a Person of Honour, I will serve only for the sake of Honour, Conscience and Religion.

Devil: Honoured Mr. *Towzer*, I perceive now you are a man of deep reach and Judgment, and that at first dash you can see thorow all my dark Intrigues; but dear Sir, to take off that suspicion, that I do not adhere truly and sincerely to his Holinesses Interest, give me leave to tell you, that his Holinesses Predecessors long since, have entred into a League Offensive and Defensive with me, as long as the Porphyrie

physic Chair shall stand at *Rome*; so that both our Interests are but one; and whilst I promote my own Interest, I necessarily must promote his en; and therefore good *Monsieur Towzer*, let not that scruple trouble your Conscience; for as I am a Person of Honour, there is no Interest upon Earth that I have espoused nearer.

Pope: As to that Monsieur *Towzer*, I must confess, that I am fully satisfied as to the Integrity of *Belzebub*, and that our Interests are so well fastened, as not easily to be separated; for we have had good proof for some hundred of years, of one anothers Love, and have joyntly promoted each others Interest: He it was that helpt my Predecessors to the Triple Crown; that hath made us greater than Emperours and Kings; that has made us set our feet upon the necks of Monarchs, and have had Kings holding our Stirrop, that has caused us to lash the backs of Princes, that have given the honour of adoring our Slipper, and kissing our Toes; that has made us Gods upon Earth, and the Infallible Oracle and Idol of Nations. And on the other hand, in gratitude, we have endeavoured to re-establish the Throne and Empire of *Belzebub* here on Earth, when shaken so mightily by the Light of the Gospel; insomuch that his Oracles were strucken dumb, and his Idol Temples thrown to the ground, and he had like to have lost his Authority, as soon as he had exalted us: what have we done in requital with our feigned Traditions, new-invented Doctrines, Canons, Decrees, Decretals, Constitutions, Pompous Ceremonies, Pardons, Absolutions, Indulgencies, Merit, Venial Sins, Purgatory, Works of Supererogation, Idols in Churches, Saints, Shrines, Praying to Saints, Cursings, Excommunications, Sanctified-Beads, Breviaries, Rosaries, Legends of Lyes and Miracles, *piæ fraudes*, Stews or Bawdy-houses, Jesuits, Monks, Fryers and Nunns? all which have added no small matter to the Empire, Interest and Honour of our Friend *Belzebub*, as well as to our own: Besides, the many Massacres and Bloody Butcheries and Murthers, whereby we have banquetted Hell, and its Princes, or offered them up as Victims to his Devilship.

Towzer: I am instructed, and civilly beg your pardon; my Errour was created thorow my great Zeal and Affection to his Holiness, but I perceive it was not your fault now, that the Designs so well laid in *England*, did not take Effect. Well, but as to the other point, of the Comet, Signs, and Prodigies, which seems so much to trouble your Highness, and his Holiness, I say, they are most easily to be helpt; I mean, though the direful Effects are not to be prevented by humane Policy, yet I can shew you a way, which may make them to be disregarded and laught at,

Devil: Do that, *Ô eris mihi magnus Apollo.*

Towzer: There is no better way in the world, than to turn them all into Ridicule; you cannot but know what wonders I have already done by that means: I am the expert Master of Fooling, and with a Droll can baffle a Doctor of the Chair, un-credit a Plot, masque Religion, laugh Honesty to Rebellion. I say, provided his Holiness will encourage me, I will by my self, and by others I shall set on work, not onely ridicule the Plot, droll Comets, Signs and Prodigies; but Burlesque, if you please, the Protestants Creed and Pater-noster, and make all Honesty, Sobriety and Religion, become the subject of my Scoffs, Jeasts, Wit and Ridens.

Pope: Wise and dear *Monsieur Towzer*, you shall want no Encouragement that I can give you, and as to that particular, I will depute as *Nuncio*, the Cardinal of *Hess* to give you full satisfaction as to that point. Let us now proceed: You know what Charges we have been at, what hopes we have had to reduce *England* under our Obedience, in what a fair way we have been, and yet what prospect we have of a *Popish Successor*, to do our business; but there is a most pestilent Generation of men in *England*, that Tooth and Nail, *Vi & Armis*, endeavour to pull down our Building, and to overthrow all our Designs, and extirpate us Root and Branch: So that if we do not carry it now, we must never expect that delightful Morsel, that fat and desireable Land of *England*, with its Appurtenances of *Scotland* and *Ireland*: Now good Counsellors, as to that your Counsel and Advice.

Devil: The people cry out, *how the Devil comes such a thing to be discovered?* when any thing is made known by means they understand not: I am many times wrongfully put in the fault, as I perceived, but now that *Seignieur Towzer* had some Jealousie, that I had made known the Plot, to get a matter of Seven or Eight lean hungry Souls of *Jesuits* and *Priests*, that I was sure of at last; a very unlikely business, when I was expecting a very bloody Victim, and had prided my self in looking for an *Hecatomb*: But let that pass; It was not, as *the Devil would have it*, but as *Providence pleased*; who too often makes a fool of my Projects. To help the present evil, I know no way like setting up a Popish Successor, and then presently bringing into *England* that Engine I have taught you, and with which you have done such Miracles in *Italy*, *Portugal*, and *Spain*; I mean the *Inquisition*, which will immediately spoil the spreading Itch of Writing, Talking, and Rebelling among the people, and settle you for ever.

Towzer: And if it please your Highness, that expedient will do very well, and I am not a little satisfied, by the Experiment I made of it upon the Press, when I was inquisitor General, how much service may be done that way to his Holiness; but I think, under Correction, you mistake the Question, which is not how we shall ride, but how we shall get into the Saddle. We are fully satisfied that a Popish Successor and the Inquisition will do our business, but how to get this Popish Successor into the Throne, is our great Concern, and for which as I supposed we are called.

Pope: *Seignieur Towzer* has hit the white; for since our Plot fail'd, my hopes and heart are almost broke, and now the Wisdom, Policy, and Management of *Seignieur Towzer*, assisted by your Highness, my dear Friend *Beelzebub*, is all my Stay and support.

Devil: Well then, since *Monsieur Towzer* and my self cannot do more than we can, you must make use of other Expedient I once taught you, and which you have found so very beneficial, in promoting your Holiness's Interest: I mean the *Jesuits*, those matchless Embroilers of Affairs, who will cluck under their wings, all the Sons and Daughters of the Church, and then by degrees, cut off the Heretick, and burn them and their Houses together, like Chaff, Cockle, or Darnel.

Pope: 'Tis true, about 40 or 50 years ago, a *Jesuit* was far a more useful, brisk, and active Instrument than now. They begin to grow like drones, and dare not so boldly stab a wavering Monarch,

or

or blow up an Heretical State at a blaſt: A *Jeſuit* is now ſtale, grown old, unmettl'd, is ſmoak'd and grown odious, not only to Hereticks, but to our own party, who are ready to turn Abhorrers, and to betray their Cabals. Their Treaſons, Murthers, Equivocations, Coſenages, Perjuries and other excellencies, are laid open, and they are now ſcarce to be credited. Beſides you find they have been lately baffled, in the moſt hopeful Plot we ever invented, therefore we muſt take other meaſures.

Towzer: Since I have the Honour to be called to this Conſult, I ſhall endeavour to propoſe an Expedient, and to ſpeak my mind upon the point, Thoſe truſty *Janizaries* of his Holineſs's Empire, are not to be caſt off, they are ſtill active and indefatigable Incendiaries, and muſt be ſtill continued in the Grand work; for by their oily Tongues, and pliable Behaviour, they can inſinuate themſelves into Princes Courts, Chambers, Cabiners, and Boſoms, and at the ſame time, abet all Factions, infuſe ſpecious Principles, preparatory to our Deſign into the Head of the unwary Rabble, and as gently as malevolent Stars, dart their Influences or blaſting Mildews about a Nation. They can vary ſhapes other than a *Camelion* at Land, or a *Polypus* at Sea; now a Courtier, to morrow a Soldier; now a Quaker, anon a Presbyterian; ſometimes he can be a Gallant in the Park among the Ladies, and another time a Pedler with a pack at his back: But notwithſtanding all this, as his Holineſs well obſerves, the Pulpit rings againſt them, the Preſs groans with Invectives againſt their Doctrines and Policies; all their Stratagems are unravelled, his Holineſs Deſigns are made known, his ſacred Perſon abuſed, and burnt in Effigie, and all that we have been midwifing into the World, has either proved abortive, or fatally miſcarried, and all this by one turn of Providence, who ſeems to have a pick at them: Therefore I ſay they are not altogether to be truſted to; and I muſt tell you, that a Maſquerading Proteſtant, may do as much, or more Service at this time, as a Jeſuit.

Devil: You will do well to explain your ſelf, what you mean by theſe Maſquers.

Towzer: I mean ſuch who are of his Holineſs's Religion in their Hearts, or poſſeſſed of ſuch Principles, as very eaſily incline them that way, though they go to Church, and ſtand ſtiff for the Worſhip, as it is by Law eſtabliſhed: They are ſuch as had rather a Popiſh Succeſſor ſhould reign, to the ruine of the Nation, than that a gap ſhould be made in the Royal Line: They are great flicklers for Prerogative and abſolute Monarchy; haters of the Peoples Priviledges, and friends to Proroguing, Diſſolving, and Diſlocating of Parliaments, and of theſe ſort of Maſqueraders there are not a few, who by a new way will embroil the Nation and divide the Proteſtants with Fears and Jealouſies, one from another, and then the old Maxim will prove true: *Divide & Impera.*

Devil: Signiour *Towzer* has ſpoke like one of my own fallen *Seraphims*, and I promiſe you Sir, when you come into my Kingdom, a place at my Council-Board among my great Princes.

Towzer: Great Prince, I return you my thanks for your favour, but now if you pleaſe let us *hoc Age*; it grows late, and I have come a long Journey, therefore if you pleaſe for the Management of this Affair, and grand Concern of his Holineſs's, *viz.* the ſubjecting the Im-

perial Crown of *England*, to the Mitre and Triple Crown of his Holiness, which Mitre signifies his Monarchical power here on Earth, and in Heaven, and in Hell; we will jointly write down some politick Maxims or Instructions, for his Holiness to observe and make use of.

Devil: I am always for Dispatch, therefore if his Holiness please to write into his Table Book, we will dictate.

Upon this his Holiness drawing forth a Table Book of pollished Brass, with an Adamantine Pen, wrote down what his Privy Councillours dictated. And after the Devil and *Towzer* had complemented a good while, who should speak first, the Devil being the Senior, begun.

Instructions for the Popes Holiness.

Devil: That for the Joynt Interest of both our Kingdoms, you are by all the ways Imaginable, no matter how unjust, odious, abominable, wicked, and detested they be, to endeavour to the setting up a Successor in the *English* Throne, that shall be of your own Religion.

Towzer: That as the means to that end, you shall employ such as can conceal their Religion, or vary it as best suits with their Convenience, and design, and that you be sure to furnish them with sufficient Pardons and Indulgencies, and Dispensations, to Indemnify their Souls gratis.

Devil: *Item*, That you allow as venial Sins, all manner of Lusts, natural and unnatural, Incests, Whoredoms, Fornication, Adultery, Murther, Slander, Perjury, and whatever may serve to the promoting the Holy Cause, to be bought off at easy rates, gentle, or no pennance, or else gratis; and if it be the next cause of such a Successors getting into the Throne, that you give reward in Money, Honour, and Preferment, Spiritual, and Temporal; and if such shall any ways miscarry, that you promise and give them Saintship, and Titles of Holy, Heroick, and Martyrs.

Towzer: That you instruct well all the Instruments in the Art of dissimulation and hypocrisy, and let them not think at first dash to bring in Popery, for many that will kick at it whole, will swallow it in by piecemeals. Tinge them first with wood, and then dip them in the Colour of the Scarlet Whore; when the Needle's once thorow, the long raild thread will follow. *Nebuchadnezzar* once set up, the vulgar will fall before the Idol, rather than feel the Torment of the fiery Furnace.

Devil: *Item*, Let them rail against Popery and Superstition, let them cog, lye, and flatter, and Court their Enemies, with obliging Language and protestations of Kindness, and if they can let them transform themselves into that party, or Faction, they would destroy, kiss the hand, they would cut off, hug him they would betray, and let them play the Fox in Sheeps Clothings, and all seem Angels of Light.

Towzer: *Item*, Let them cry out upon Rebellion, preach up Loyalty, Petition for Toleration, decry Persecution, and all the time sow Seeds of Sedition and Dissention; create fears and jealousies, spread rumors and lies, rip up all the old Stories of 41, and affright the people with that Bugbear.

Devil: *Item*, You shall cause your Instruments passionately to bewail the variety of sects and opinions amongst Protestants, yet still promote them all they can, let them magnify the unity of *Rome*, though

we

we know there is no such thing; let them keep the people in Ignorance, debar them of Reading the Scriptures, have a venerable esteem for the Priesthood, and be sure to continue the opinion of your Holiness's Infallibility. Let them magnifie all they can Popish Charity, the Learning of the *Jesuits*, and the excellent Methods and discipline of the Schools beyond Sea.

Towzer: *Item*, Let them laugh at the bringing in of Popery, and indeavour to shew it impossible, though there be a Popish Successor in the Throne: Let them magnify the Heroick Vertues, Honour, Courage, Fidelity, and Reputation of that Prince whom they would have to Succeed; Assert his Right and Title by writing or otherwayes, and make it no less than Sacrilege, and the Crime of *Lesæ Majestatis* to invade it, or to speak against it.

Devil: *Item*, Let them promote the laudable Design of *Atheism*, so well begun in that Kingdom, and of all manner of Debauchery and immorality, and that most fashionable Life of keeping Whores or Misses, the decent humour of prophaning the Sabbath day, and to encrease all you can the Rabble of Jesters, Scoffers, Buffoons, and vainglorious Fopps, Ranting Hectors, Coffee-house Roarers, and cheating Bullies.

Towzer: *Item*, be sure you employ Virago Women, lewd lying Astrologers, that can cast false Nativities, Rogues pickt out of *Newgate*, and the other Colledges of Literature in *London*, called Prisons; sturdy Ruffians, sham-plotting Knights, Villains, Rascals, and Bauds, as most necessary Instruments in carrying on the Cause.

Devil: Also Bouteus, with Fire-balls to fire Houses, burn Cities, and such like; and some skilful in Poysons will do well; as also to conclude some subtile, beautiful, and decoying Women, to allure and flatter the great ones into Destruction and Ruine.

Towzer: *Item*, Be sure you keep in pay a sufficient number of Scriblers, to write Verses, Lampoons, Libels, Intelligences, private Letters, false Miracles, Prodigies, and a thousand things to amuse the People. Let them endeavour all they can to ridicule the Plot, invalidate Witnesses and Persons, and to stir up Strife among the People, to fling an *Odium* upon Lords, to promote factions, to praise the King in all his Actions, and to decry *Parliaments* as seditious, useless, and unnecessary, and by any means to promote Arbitrary Government, and basely to do what they can to set the Kingdom together by the ears, and then your Holiness may get something by the Scramble.

The Pope having perused these Instructions of these his Privy Councellors, gave them many thanks, and having promised *Towzer* a sufficient Reward, for his good Service and Preferment as soon as Popery was set up in *England*, his heart began to grow lighter; and sending for a Bowl of Wine, they all drank Healths to the good Success, and being upon the merry pin, concluded their Consult with this Cath.

Pope:

Pope: *I laugh now to see how our Coffers will swell*
England was so called by the Popes. *With Treasure from* England, *th'* unexhaustable Well:
How simply will then the Lay-Hereticks look,
When their dear Abby Lands must all be forsook?
And that the Jackdaw *must give place to the* Rook,
Devil: *'Tis done, and methinks already I see*
Whole droves in their Journey are thronging to me;
No more will we angle for poor single Souls,
Our Catholick Draw-net shall catch them by shouls,
When once we shall see High Mass in St. Pouls.
Towzer: *And my Vizard Masque I then will lay by,*
I'le then leave to write, to flatter, and lye,
And that I long sought, I then shall attain,
Revenge on my foes, Preferment, and Gain;
When once that a Popish Successor shall Raign.

Chorus:

Then let us like Friends together now joyn:
Devil: *You'll pay me with Souls.* [Towzer:] *And me with good Coyn.*
Pope: *By the Mass that I will, when* England *is mine.*

London, Printed for *T. B.*